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"Abraham Lincoln."

A LECTURE

BEFORE THE

NYACK ROWING ASSOCIATION,

BY THE

REV. WM. L. PENNY,

OF NYACK, N. Y,

PUBLISHED BY
WM. H. MYERS,
BY PERMISSION.

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INTRODUCTORY.

This book is published and sold for the purpose of raising funds to complete the erection of a church for the Colored People of Nyack, N. Y.

We have been diligently trying for the past year to raise money for this purpose, and have endeavored to leave no stone unturned. Now we come to *you* in the form of this little book, it will cost you but a trifle, but that trivial amount will be a contribution to a good cause, besides you will have the prayers of a grateful people.

The price of this little book is TEN CENTS. Buy one, and get your friends to buy one. Remember that: "*He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord.*"

Yours truly,

THE COMMITTEE,

WM. H. MYERS, Chairman.

For References, we refer you to Mr. John W. Towt; Hon. George Dickey; General Abram Merritt; Either of the Editors of the *Rockland County Journal;* the *City and Country ;* the *Nyack Chronicle;* or the *Independent Advertiser*, of Nyack, N. Y., and Hon. H. C. VanVorst, of New York City, N. Y.

"Abraham Lincoln."

LECTURE BEFORE THE NYACK ROWING ASSOCIATION,
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23D., 1885, BY
REV. WM. L. PENNY.

This evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is my purpose to speak of one of America's best beloved and most lamented heroes. It shall be my happy privilege to review the life and labors of one of whom it has been said, that "he was the most remarkable product of the remarkable possibilities of American life." Our thoughts will naturally go back to that awful time when the nations fate hung as in a balance, as we touch, perhaps, some of those momentous issues, long since settled, alas! only at the cost of many a precious life. I am to speak of one at whose call, in the dark and trying hour of the Nations peril, many of you, no doubt, in common with thousands of others of your fellow-countrymen throughout the land, laid aside the quiet and peaceful pursuit of your daily avocations, and buckling on the soldier's armor, marched forth to battle-fields; of one in whose exalted integrity and exemplary courage the people rejoiced, and at whose sad and melancholy death they mourned and wept. The life and labors of such a man cannot but be interesting to us all.

Abraham Lincoln has been called the most remarkable product of American civilization. To demonstrate the truth of this, contrast his early life and surroundings with those of other men who have acquired fame at home

and abroad. With regard to these you will find as a rule that their early training and surroundings were calculated to foster their natural bent and bring out their natural abilities. They had education, the best that could be given. Most of them had friends to guide them and suggest to them. Many of them had wealth, and a certain amount of family prestige. And so their future greatness was to a certain extent shaped. But not so with Abraham Lincoln. In youth he was surrounded by none of those advantages that give promise of a great future. No venerable sage stood by him to point the road to fame. From the rude and lowly hut in Hardin County, Kentucky, where he was born in 1809, he had by his own efforts alone to work his way forward to that distinction that afterwards won for him the greatest glory with which the nation can crown a son. While he was still a mere boy his parents migrated to Indiana, locating in a wild district now known as Spencer County, and here he grew up. The story of his life up to his twenty-second year is the simple, touching story of trial, hardship, deprivations and wants. At different intervals he went to school, the aggregate of which was but one year. His first teacher we are told was a Catholic, for whom he ever after entertained a special regard. The only books he had command of were a life of Washington, and a copy each of Shakespeare and Burns. And these he would read and study, by the light of the wood fire on the hearth, after his day's work was done. The biography of Washington deeply impressed him, and enkindled within him the noble ambition to do something worthy of a name. At twenty-two he entered the State of Illinois, determined to carve out his own way in the world. He is penniless, but has a powerful physique, an indomitable will, and an buoyant spirit. He passes through

the experiences of a clerk in a country store, a hand on a flat-boat, a student of law, a practical surveyor, a merchant on his own account, a member of the legislature, and finally stands an attorney admitted to the Bar. This latter was the goal he originally had in view, and to reach it dire necessity lead him on through those various occupations. It was, indeed, uphill work, costing him many a meal and many a nights rest. But he was determined to reach that plaue; and no difficulty discouraged him, no obstacle appeared to him insurmountable. An ambition such as his springs not up in an hour or a day; but, its seed is sown early in life, it grows with the growth of that life, until, expanding into maturity, it accomplishes its purpose, or else, perhaps having failed, it droops and dies. No matter what the field, then, that engaged him, he *must* succeed. He entered politics—that dangerous sea whereon so many have suffered shipwreck. Not, however, from choice, but because his friends persuaded him he could there do good for his locality, and perhaps for his country. In 1834 he was elected to the legislature and at the next election he was returned, and he served altogether four terms. Before this he had conceived very strong notions averse to slavery. Wheu a flat-boat-man he visited New Orleans, where he saw a poor slave cruelly whipped by his master. On a second visit to that city he witnessed the most brutal and revolting forms of that most iniquitous institution. He saw the negroes driven in bands, chained together like a pack of hounds, lest perhaps any of them should escape. He beheld the savage barbarity of selling human beings at auction. He saw a beautiful molatto girl felt over, pinched, and trotted around, to show the bidders, in the language of the "brute" who acted as auctioneer, *that said article was sound and healthy*. Such

scenes told him of desecrated homes and broken hearts, and fairly sickened, he turned away exclaiming, "My God, if I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard." That noble resolve he never forgot. And so in his second term as a legislator he began those anti-slavery measures which had their climax in his proclamation of Emancipation. [Applause.] He drew up a solemn protest declaring slavery founded on injustice. His course was bold, and so his friends advised him. They warned him that pursuing such a course would jeopardize his popularity. But to him popularity, resting beneath the shadow even of recreancy to what he conceived to be his duty, was something despicable, which his integrity could not countenance. Right and justice were eminently worthy of success, and his own personal advancement, desirable as it may be to him, must never be thought of at the sacrifice of those principles. With those on his side he would face not one state alone, but even the whole United States. By no means the least, then, of his many acts that rebounded to his credit during his eight years of legislative service, was this protest declaring slavery wrong and unjust.

That he was possessed of noble and comprehensive ideas; that his innate integrity led him naturally to espouse and advocate the right and just side of any question before him; and that he had the strong will to pursue fearlessly and courageously the course to which he committed himself, soon became patent to all who observed his career. And such gratifications won for him a place in the affections of every honest heart. Even those opposed to him politically respected him as a man honestly convinced of the justice of his own views. During those years he made some speeches that seemed possessed of much deep significance. In one, in particular,

he appeared to have foreshadowed that great and terrible event in which he himself figured so prominently. "No foreign invader," he declared, "can ever crush us as a nation; but if ever danger reaches us it must spring up among us. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide." Part of those words have seen their fulfillment. The danger sprang up in the midst of us. As a nation we well-nigh committed suicide. But his was the strong arm that rescued and saved us, and under Providence, to him do we owe our new lease of national life. His name shall be entwined with the name of Washington—the glorious names of the *founder* and *preserver* of this grand Republic. [Applause.]

HIS RETURN TO LAW PRACTICE.

After four terms in the legislature he returned to the practice of law, which he had abandoned to serve the State. In that service he had been most devoted; yet he was still too poor to hire for himself a room in a respectable boarding-house; and so the little room he had for an office during the day must serve the purpose of a lodging at night. It was not long, however, before his legal reputation became widespread. The same honesty that characterized his whole career thus far became a most conspicuous feature of his professional life. The largest fee could not tempt him to defend a case unless convinced his client was in the right. Poverty might threaten him with humiliation and dejection, but his personal honor and integrity must never be endangered, much less sacrificed. With him the truth first and above all must stand out clear and alone; circumstances and surroundings would have only that weight left to them after his careful and searching scrutiny. Convinced by his own reasoning that his client was right, he would

proceed with his case, otherwise no. And then, in the conduct of a case he was as assiduous and as painstaking as he had been conscientous in discovering that he had the right side. If his judgement was not quick, it had that far better quality of being sure, and he was never known to alter his conclusions. It was the knowledge of this that perhaps gave him such great weight with both judge and jury, and won for him a place at the head of the Illinois Bar. As an evidence of his quick wit we have his conduct in the defence of a man charged with murder. Mr. Lincoln satisfied himself that his client was innocent. A witness against him had testified that he saw the prisoner commit the deed. It was in the night, but the bright moonlight revealed to him the terrible crime. In the hands of the prosecuting attorney this was made much of, and he aroused and just about won the jury, stating that even the very heavens bore testimony against the prisoner. Abraham Lincoln possessed himself of an almanac, and looked at it. Then he made a very touching appeal, won the jury to his own side, and freed his client by showing that *on the night in question there was no moon at all.*

In the politics of his day Lincoln made too great a mark to be left long to the quiet pursuit of his profession. He was pursuaded that his country needed his services, and now we find him a member of the XXXth Congress. His reputation as an able popular speaker preceeded him, and there was no little curiosity as to what impression this man from the backwoods district, with no college education, would make in that august body. But by his earnest, honest, straight-forward manner, and by his bold, clear and logical speeches, he soon became acknowledged as second to none. When he spoke he always riveted the attention of the House. Robert C. Winthrop, himself

one of the brightest lights of that Congress, said of him, that "he showed more shrewdness and sagacity, and was possessed of more keen practical sense than any other man of his day or generation." Here he aimed another blow at slavery, introducing a bill for abolishing it in the District of Columbia, but with due compensation to the slave owners. Just and considerate as the measure was, he could not succeed in bringing it to a vote, as the friends of slavery were very largely in the majority.

At the close of that Congress he again applied himself to his profession; to which he now devoted himself for a period of about ten years. During this time he took part in those debates with Stephen A. Douglas, which have since become so famous. In his speeches in that oratorical contest he showed himself to be a profound student of the constitution of his country, and nowhere in the history of American oratory can be found a clearer, better or abler defence of the Declaration of Independence. The times were then rife with excitement. The old parties were about splitting up, and mainly, it was evident, on the question of slavery extension.

TOLERATION OF SLAVERY.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, for the better understanding of the great work of Abraham Lincoln's life, it is necessary that we should have an idea, at least, of the history of slavery extension. To speak of Lincoln without referring to slavery would be to play Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Washington's great work was to throw off the shackles of British misrule; Lincoln's great work was to destroy the shackles of slavery. That monster threatened the life of our country,

Slavery was brought over from the old colonial government, and the new free government was responsi-

ble, not for the origin, but for the toleration of that institution. Going away back, as early as 1772 we find that the Virginia Assembly petitioned the British Government to stop the importation of slaves, but that government denied the petition. Nevertheless there was a manifest opposition to the system. In 1773 Patrick Henry said he believed the day would come when the "lamentable evil would be abolished." In 1774 Jefferson said that the abolition of slavery was "the greatest object and desire of the colonies;" and in October of that same year, a congress of the Colonies declared that they would neither import nor purchase any slave imported, after the 1st of December next following." Washington too, put himself on record against slavery, saying that no living man wished its abolition more than he. This was all before the Revolution. That event came, the colonies declared themselves "free and independent States." The first principle of their great manifesto, which we now prize so highly, was that "all men were born free and equal." But yet slavery remained. The fathers of the Republic did not wish to drag this monster into their new situation as freemen, but they thought that circumstances warranted their toleration of it for the time being. It was their hope that it would soon die out. In 1780 Pennsylvania began the work of emancipation. Rhode Island and Connecticut soon followed in the same work, and nineteen years afterwards New York. Then by the ordinances of 1787 the great Northwest territory was secured forever from the invasion of slavery. It would seem, then, that the lamentable evil was disappearing, slowly perhaps, but yet surely. But in 1793 a new interest was awakened in slave labor. In that year Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin. More rapid production of cotton became possible, and slave labor increased

in value. Manufacturing interests multiplied and for the present the North hesitated about interfering with slavery. Then with increased capital there grew up in the South a quasi aristocracy no less pretentions, no less arrogant, and no less domineering than the titled aristocracy of Europe. And out of that aristocracy there sprang, just as it did and still does in Europe, a bold unscrupulous, and determined political power that would stop at nothing in the prosecution of its designs. To protect and extend slavery, utterly regardless of the wishes of their forefathers, and entirely heedless of the honest and earnest protests of their Northern fellow countrymen, was their chief aim and design. They chose their ablest men for their leaders, and devoted the best talent of their youth to the study of politics, in order to be able always to manipulate the government in the interest of their pet institution. From 1790 down to 1836 they managed to secure eight new states in which to plant and extend slavery. Texas they said would give a "Gibraltar to slavery," and they added Texas. Then Missouri was admitted as another slave State. They had control of the Government. And the situation was simply this: slaveholders ruled the country that claimed to be free! In front of the National Capital might be seen a man with manacles on who began to sing "Hail Columbia, happy land." Oh, what irony! "The land of the free and the home of the brave" was joyously sung out, and the mocking echo answered back, "home of the *slave*." What the slaveholders said should be done, was done. They demanded protection for the slave trade, and the slave trade was protected. They asked government sanction for the importation of Africans, and government sanction was granted. They wanted a three-fifths representation in congress for their slaves, and they obtained it. They re-

quested the North to return fugitive slaves, who should take refuge within her borders, and the North swallowed her natural perjudices and returned the poor fugitive. They asked more territory, and they received more territory. Observe how both Justice and Liberty were outraged in this land. Who would have been surprised, if in those days Justice had torn the bandage from her eyes, thrown away her scales, and sought some other but better understood principle to represent? Who would have been surprised to see Liberty pull off her cap and wipe her tearful eyes with it, because she was constantly being made a mockery of? But then Patience whispered to both, "*Wait*, the man is coming who will avenge the wrongs you suffer."

This statistical narrative tells of slavery only as a commercial commodity. Look now at the individual slave's life. Its history is made up of the most heartrending tales. It has been said that slavery had its bright side. If so, that bright side was visible only in the spirit of resignation with which the poor slave bore his sad lot, not in the institution itself. That reflected no brightness. It has been said that some of the slave owners were very humane, and this lessened somewhat the slave's burden of sorrow. Yet this, even if true, would not justify the system, any more than patient submission would justify a persons's unjust condemnation. Ireland's patient suffering for centuries by no means justifies England's unjust rule over her. Unhappy Poland's submission to dismemberment does not justify the tyranny of Russia, Prussia and Austria. No more can we find in the apparently happy disposition of some slaves a justification of that system that claimed the right of some men chaining others, and holding them as property, subject to bargain and sale, just as they regarded cattle. The system was un-

just, it was a foul blot, and no amount of sunshine thrown around it could make it appear bright. Whatever of contentment gleamed through the links of that chain, only showed it to be the greater wrong. Liberty is sweet, and the man is yet unborn who would not love it Why, even the animal, when you unloose his chain or open his cage, shows unmistakable signs of love of freedom. Such is its instinct. And shall less be said of man, whom his Maker has endowed with reason, intelligence and understanding? If the collar, the chain and the cage bar will break the spirit of even the forest monarch, what must be to man that system that tells him that he is no better than an irrational creature, and that he too may be bought and sold and chained just as it is? And to this add the pitiful tales of broken hearts, of sacred family ties snapped assunder, of infants ruthlessly wrung from the arms of parents, of husbands and wives separated, of every sacred right trampled under foot, of every fair and bright hope cruelly crushed, of human souls, immortal souls, imbruted, and you have an idea of the hideous monster American slavery, to slay which was the great work of the Hector of our Nation. [Applause.] But with the slave-owners themselves, neither a sense of the injustice, nor all those sorrowful associations availed anything. In spite of the spirit of anti-slavery born with the Declaration of Independence itself—slavery still remained.

But now the National sky showed signs of clearing, and freedom's air of growing purer. A fire-shadow of justice appeared with the faintly out lined rainbow of mercy that began to rise on the vision of the slave. The foul blot that so long sullied our National emblem was about to be wiped out. The long-wished-for hour for the triumph of right began to dawn. The very term

"slavery" was becoming obnoxious, and Wendell Philips tells us how, instead of calling it by its proper name, *American Slavery*, its sympathizers were giving it all sorts of fancy names. It was being called the "patriarchal institution," the "domestic institution," the peculiar institution," the "economic subordination," the "impediment," and finally it was called a "different type of industry." But new names could not hide its odious form nor change its nature. A rose, you know called by another name smells just as sweet; and so slavery, no matter by what called, smelled, looked, and was, just as foul.

And now the man, who in the clouded day of his own bitter want swore that "if he ever got a chance to hit that institution he would hit it hard," the frontier-bred bankwoodsman and rail-splitter, the country lawyer who slept on a lounge in his office because he could not afford to hire a room, the man who returned from the arena of politics just as poor as when he entered it, the statesmen who educated himself in the best principals of the profession, is called upon to come before the nation, that it might decide with its ballot whether he was not the one for whom Justice and Liberty had waited so long and patiently, and that man was Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.]

HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

And now the scenes of his life change. We have scanned his trials and triumphs from the stand-point of a curious spectator, but now his trials become our trials, his triumphs our triumphs. Like a fitful day in summer, opening with sunshine, developing later a terrific storm, and closing with all the glory of a gorgeous sunset, so were the days of the nation's life at this time. The election of Mr. Lincoln was announced amid acclamations of

joy from many quarters; but almost immediately a mighty commotion was felt, clouds gathered thick and fast, and the rumblings of a coming storm were heard. Lincoln had as yet made no definite announcement, but nevertheless his election was the preconcerted signal for an attempt at disrupting the Union. In the hour of Southern defeat at the polls the long pent-up animosities of the South against the North burst forth with such violence as to spread alarm and consternation on all sides. Plans were laid to thwart the will of the people. But despite all this, and despite the threats of assassination he proceeded to the National Capital to assume the reins of government. On his arrival he found treason and treachery prepared to defy him. Three-fourths of the federal offices were in the hands of men disloyal to their oaths. He knew not whom to trust. And besides this, he had the bitter mortification of learning that the public mind of Europe was poisoned against him. It was then an open secret that both England and France looked with a favorable eye on the Southern cause. Aristocracy to be true to its nature did not approve the principle that *all men were born free and equal.* Such were the circumstances under which Mr. Lincoln proceeded to take the oath of office. Around him stood the flower of Southern so-called nobility, with smiles on their lips and treason in their hearts, eager to learn what his policy would be. Beside him, holding his hat, it is said stood his old antagonist the little giant, Stephen A Douglass, showing himself a man capable of defeat. The inaugural is read and the oath "to preserve, defend and protect the Union," is registered in heaven. And if ever an argument was made to show the South the injustice of rebellion, it was that inaugural. With the force of invincible logic Mr. Lincoln clearly proved that secession was unreasona-

ble and uncalled for. The South was earnestly pleaded with not to precipitate their common country into the horrors of a civil war. "Intelligence, patriotism and a reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land," he said, "are still competent to adjust in the best way, all our present difficulties." But with them argument, reason, logic, and even merciful appeals to await the unlawful aggression that would warrant their resentment, were unavailing. Their answer was voiced in the thundering roar of their cannon opened on Fort Sumter. Lincoln had not yet commenced his official duties when the war was sprung on the country. Retiring from the stand where he took the oath, and before even the last echoes of his inaugural had yet died away, he looked out upon a field that seemed sown with opportunities for emulating an Alexandria or a Napoleon. But such was not his ambition. The brightness of military glory he justly appreciated, but he recoiled with horror from the thought of its attractive rainbow rising on streams of blood flowing from father against son, and brother against brother, marshalled in battle array. But the country was now in real danger. The issue must be squarely met. All reasonable means having failed, there remained only the alternative of answering the cannon's roar with the cannon's roar; of returning shot for shot and shell for shell. He determined upon asking for volunteers to suppress the rebellion. He called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The night before he issued the call, Douglass at his own request, met him in conference. After listening to the President's words Douglass replied, "Mr. President, I am with you. The Union must be maintained. Instead of seventy-five thousand make it two hundred thousand. You don't know these men as well as I do." The proclamation went forth calling for

seventy-five thousand men, and poor Douglass returned to his home in the Northwest and fired the hearts of his followers with love for the Union, urging them forward in its defence, declaring that "a Democrat cannot be a *true* Democrat if he be not a loyal patriot." [Applause.] And he was heard when not long after he was seized with a mortal malady, in the delirium of his last moments, muttering the words, "Union and patriotism." Thus was party spirit laid aside and political differences forgotten in the one desire to save the country.

No nations abroad, Mr. Lincoln said through his ministers: "This is our affair—it is a family quarrel, and any interference between us means war with the United States." Thus giving them plainly to understand that the Union would assert and maintain her sovereignty over her estate. This step, it is needless to say. was as bold as it was necessary. European sentiment favored the South. The English press voiced its joy over the rupture. "The great Republic is gone" it said; "Democracy is no more. Just what we expected. It was a rope of sand!" To remove erroneous impressions abroad, regarding the Union, and if possible to win everyone to his views, the President sent the late Hon. Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes to Europe, Weed to England, the Archbishop to France, Spain and Italy. The latter's was the most extraordinary mission ever given to a citizen of the Union; first, because its nature was known only to the President and himself, as he says in his letter, "neither the North nor the South knew my mission; I alone knew it;" and second, because he was sent as no other man was ever sent, without any specific instructions. He had *carte blanche* to do whatever he thought best for the Union. And so it was that Lincoln proved himself an able statesman, working both at home and abroad. Glad

indeed must have been his heart as he saw the great uprising throughout the North in response to his appeals. The marching forward of old and young, now singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong," or again, to the tune of "John Brown's body lies a moulding in the grave." But at the same time there was a weight of sorrow on that noble heart, as all the dread horrors of civil war appeared before his vision. And here, ladies and gentlemen, the question forces itself upon my mind, could Lincoln have averted that awful calamity? No. Whatever he did he was forced to do. He loved his country too dearly to plunge her into such a strife. But a duty greater than devolved upon any President since Washington's day, now rested upon him. He fully appreciated this, and never failed to ask assistance and light from on High. His fellow-citizens with trust and confidence placed in his hands the Government of our country. He knew what that trust meant and what that confidence demanded; and he had now become the sworn defender and preserver of the Union. This was the first and greatest object of all his efforts. "My paramount object," he said, in a letter to Horace Greeley, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union, without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Behold, then, my friends, the noble, pure-spirited patriot. Behold the man whose heart could bleed for the wrongs of others, and yet at the call of duty rise above his most cherished idea and lay on the altar of his country, as a sacrifice, the dream of his life, the humane purpose of liberating the slave; not that he loved less, but that he loved his country more. He was

not rabid on slavery, as many imagined. He never intended in the beginning to liberate the slave at one stroke; but thoroughly convinced of the right and justice of emancipation, he knew it must inevitably come. "This Government," he said, "cannot endure permanently half-free and half slave." It was not he, however, who made the issue, it was the slaveholders. "In your hands," he said to them, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies." But notwithstanding this, the war was opened with all the fierce fury of inveterate hate. Bull Run com aences the terrible strife with forbodings of the direst sort. Shiloh becomes a charnel house filled with the groans of the wounded and the dying. Hundreds of brave men lie on the icy ground of Fort Donaldson, their blood staining the snow with crimson as their life-current ebbs away, and the cry of "on to Richmond" is hushed for the moment around the dismal camp fires of the Union. Lincoln feels that the war will not be over in a day, but presages a long and bloody conflict. Night and day he is at work, now consulting with officials, now consoling and cheering the people. He is sorely troubled. "Oh how willingly" he was heard to exclaim, as he paced up and down the corrider of the White House, thinking he was alone with his own sad thoughts "oh how willingly would I give my place to night for the soldier's rest in tented field." But he was the head and must remain to direct and goverr. New hopes, nowever, are born, as McClellan marches his grand army down the Peninsula, dashes across Antietam bridge, and drives Lee and his forces back over the Patomac. Along the Rappahannock shouts of triumph ascend once more from the Union camp. Victory follows victory, until at last Vicksburg

falls before the stubborn strength of Grant. Away up above the clouds, on Look-out Mountain the boys in blue plant the "Stars and Stripes," and sound their songs of joy, and fighting Joe Hooker's camp-fires gleam like jewels on the mountain's brow. Without firing a shot themselves, they mount Missionery Ridge, capture the guns and turn them on the retreating foe. Mead at Gettysburg strikes a blow that causes secession to reel; Sheridan whips Early in the Valley; Sherman marches to the sea, sweeping everything before him like wild-fire, and creeps along the coast toward Richmond. Lee is held in check, and the Napoleon of our army, Ulysses S. Grant [great applause]strikes the Confederacy the final blow, and the rebellion is no more. [Applause.]

Four years had elapsed since Mr. Lincoln, standing in the Capital on the eve of the war, said "We must not be enemies; though passion may have strained, it must not break our bond of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and the patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." How truly have these words been fulfilled. And his was the mind that directed all those stirring scenes. He studied the whole field, and his was the guiding spirit of every movement. With his charts and his maps before him he understood the exact worth to the Union of every operation, and in most cases failure, where it occurred, was through disregarding his wishes and instructions.

Now we have heard, ladies and gentlemen, that though desirous of seeing the slave endowed with liberty under our constitution, yet he would do no violence to reach that end. He would use moral suasion, he would

appeal to reason, and to a sense of justice. He would have emancipation come "gentle as the dews of heaven." But Providence ordained otherwise, and hence during the progress of that terrible civil strife he was constrained by circumstances to fulfill the threat he made on the slave mart of New Orleans. During the war he had been urged again and again to hurl the thunderbolt of emancipation into the enemy's camp, regardless of the consequences to the Union. But he studied to do his duty as God gave him to see that duty. When, then, the proper hour came, his proclamation was ready, and with that one blow he struck from nearly four millions of human beings the galling chains of slavery; and this was the crowning of his life. [Applause.]

Thus he brought the nation through the trying ordeal of civil war. Thus he guided the ship of state securely through the most turbulent storm that ever assailed her, and thus he made his country in reality, what she was before only in name, a free country—free in the true sense and meaning of that word.

WHAT MADE LINCOLN WHAT HE WAS.

Passing over in respectful silence the sad and melancholy circumstances of his death, let us now ask what made Lincoln what he was? To be brief, I answer, first his great love of truth and justice; this was the main spring of all his acts; second, his intergrity, honest in everything from first to last. Well did he deserve to be called "Honest Abe;" third his resolution, or determinate will. When once he knew he was in the right, nothing could deter him from pursuing that right; fourth his intense love of country. "Oh how hard it is to die and leave one's country no better than if one had lived," he was heard to say very early in life. Lastly his unbounded charity—charitable even to a fault, ever will-

ing to forgive, ever ready to forget; the first to invite friendship and the last to break it. His heart went out to suffering humanity in sympathy of all its woes. He may truly be said to have summed up his own character, when he uttered in his Gettysburg address those memorable words. "With malice towards none, with charity for all."

In conclusion, I must say that I have necessarily passed over many beautiful and touching incidents in his life, that I might present him to you in his relations especially to the welfare of our beloved country. No President since Washington has shown himself more deserving of our grateful and lasting remembrance; and, linked with the name of the Father of his country, to become equally immortal will be the name of its preserver and liberator, Abraham Lincoln.

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